

SOCIAL EVENTS IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

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as many of their guests as possible arrayed as characters from the great opera. Of course there was difficulty persuading some of the dear ladies that they were not of the German type. But Mrs. Albion is a nice little director and when she looked her victims over critically and told them enthusiastically what perfectly wonderful Aldeas, or Marguerites, they would make—or led them gently in the direction of some less well known operatic heroine they bubbled with joy and were ready to play those costumes with equal enthusiasm. You should see Mrs. Albion getting in her fine work. She's a wonder, a merry, laughing little thing—you wouldn't think she had a care in the world. But she simply wears herself out with it all.

Possibly there will be several Stutzies, but it seems likely that quite the most successful will be little Madame Morishima, wife of one of the Japanese Embassy attaches, who has arranged to assume that character. I understand Mrs. Paulo de Godoy is to come as Violante in "Traviata," and she will be lovely. But then, she's lovely anyhow. Mrs. William B. Morgan is coming as Queen Esther and should be regal in an authentic costume loaned from Nanette B. Paul's collection of biblical costumes. Patricia Alms, Capt. and Mrs. Luke McNamee's pretty new, who was one of the most successful of last season's debutantes, is to be Ruth, and her costume is said to be a particularly good one.

Coronela Morgan is to go as the Snow Maiden from the Russian opera "Snegurochka" and will be a vision in white, draped in white fur and an elaborate Russian headdress. She has heard of dozens of others who are going in costume. Of course it is not obligatory, but it is requested, and there will be enough who comply with the request to make the affair picturesque in the extreme. And the boxes have been taken by all sorts of notables and the active committees begin to include most of the girls and men in town, including, of course, ever so many of the younger married set.

So altogether it looks as if the Washington opera ball was going to start the season off quite gayly and prepare the world of Washington to turn out en masse for the company's production of "Rigoletto," which is to be put on next month. And shortly after that benefit ball will come two more, the "Eye, Ear and Throat" dance, which sounds a bit grisly, but is an annual and usually a very smart event for the benefit of the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, an institution in which a number of really smart people are interested—and the navy relief ball. I believe Mrs. Harding heads the list of patronesses for each of these. The one always happens on Thanksgiving eve, the other on Thanksgiving night. Those nights are sacred to those two balls, just as Christmas night is sacred to the Children's Country Home ball.

Mrs. Mahlon Pitney is usually one of

the prominent women who is identified with the Episcopal Hospital ball. It was one of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's pet charities, too. In the old days when she was Mrs. Norman Galt, she has not lost interest, but she has had her mind and her heart and hands pretty well filled, poor lady, with a sick husband. And the same is true just now of Mrs. Pitney. I understand Mr. Justice Pitney is improving, but he has not yet been deemed well enough to be brought to Washington. They are still at their home in Morristown, N. J., and while they expect to be here before Thanksgiving I doubt if Mrs. Pitney will be able to take any very active part in the ball arrangements. All plans for Beatrice Pitney's debut are in abeyance for the present until Justice Pitney is quite himself again.

Those three are the most important of the November balls. After that they come thick and fast, as do the debuts, several of which are planned for Thanksgiving week. Just now the debutantes are having just as much fun at small parties as they will a little later at bigger and more formal ones. All their friends are arranging parties for them—nice little friendly parties calculated to bring them together and help them to get acquainted. The youngsters are in a way having quite a busy time, but it isn't disturbing official society particularly.

One of the last and most brilliant parties given for Lord and Lady Mountbatten here was the dinner at the British Embassy. And Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes thought they had a trump card up their sleeves for that dinner, but when the time came they couldn't play it. Sir Eric Geddes, Sir Auckland's brother, was on his way to America—way, but his steamer was due to land how he had slipped away from England without any one noticing it. Not a line had appeared indicating that that particular distinguished visitor was on his way. But his steamer was due to land Friday morning of last week and the Geddeses quite expected him to be in Washington by Friday night, and at the last moment had mentioned him as an extra added attraction for their dinner for the Mountbattens. Then the steamer was late and he couldn't make it. So the British Ambassador's good looking brother—who was in Washington a few years ago as head of a naval mission—didn't get here for the dinner, and as Sir Auckland was to be in Boston for two or three days this week, Sir Eric decided to stay in New York, where he was made much of, and didn't get here till his brother returned. There is a dinner on for him at the embassy tonight and he is to be a guest there for several days—quite unofficially, they insist, simply making a family call, getting acquainted once more, with his growing nephews and their one little sister. Still the dinner tonight is undoubtedly rather highly official and a brilliant company has probably been gathered in his honor.

Another brilliant company gathered at the Brazilian Embassy on Wednesday night, with the Secretary of State and

Mrs. Hughes as ranking guests and with the Episcopal Hospital ball. It was one of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's pet charities, too. In the old days when she was Mrs. Norman Galt, she has not lost interest, but she has had her mind and her heart and hands pretty well filled, poor lady, with a sick husband. And the same is true just now of Mrs. Pitney. I understand Mr. Justice Pitney is improving, but he has not yet been deemed well enough to be brought to Washington. They are still at their home in Morristown, N. J., and while they expect to be here before Thanksgiving I doubt if Mrs. Pitney will be able to take any very active part in the ball arrangements. All plans for Beatrice Pitney's debut are in abeyance for the present until Justice Pitney is quite himself again.

You are probably puzzled about that "anniversary" business. I was, for I had understood that the exposition opened on the centennial anniversary of Brazilian independence. But when I probed a little I found myself using the English term about so and so many "r. p. m." (revolutions per minute) and wondering flippantly whether the Latin American celebrated them all—it was explained that Brazil celebrated both her independence from Portugal in the first place and then the establishment of the present republican form of government in place of the empire, and on different dates. So that is how they were entitled to two celebrations of anniversaries within three months.

There is, by the way, yet another anniversary being celebrated in Washington today. The Latvian Legation is having a party—an official reception this afternoon and a dinner this evening—in celebration of Latvia's fourth birthday. Four candles in Latvia's cake! It seems that just a week after the armistice was signed she declared her independence of Russia and set about proving it. So the Charge d'Affaires and Mrs. Serra are hosts this afternoon to all the official world.

Armistice Day was very quietly celebrated. Practically the only official celebration was the solemn and affecting one of the President visiting the tomb of the Unknown and paying homage there in the name of the nation. Then, of course, there was the spectacular carefully arranged demonstration in front of the Wilson residence on S street. It was effective in more ways than one, and there was quite a little informal entertaining of the admiring former President Wilson, who came here to take part in it.

At the French Embassy they decided that Armistice Day was an appropriate day for the bestowing of the Legion of Honor, for war service, on Don Federi- Alphonso Paset, the Peruvian Ambas-

sador here, and it was done with considerable ceremony by Ambassador Jusserand on behalf of his Government, in the presence of a small but distinguished company. After the ceremony the Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand entertained the Paset at luncheon, with the staffs of both embassies in the company.

The British Ambassador and Lady Geddes were in Philadelphia, where Sir Auckland spoke at an Armistice celebration that night. Gen. Pershing was in New York attending Armistice Day banquets and balls. In fact most of our stars of the first magnitude had been decoyed into decorating the occasion somewhere else. Which is what usually happens to Washington on patriotic holidays. I don't remember hearing that the Belgians were doing anything special. Baron de Cartier has been terribly busy at the embassy picking up all the ends of business after being so long away. And at the Italian embassy there is no ambassador to do the celebrating, so, although the day is really King Victor Emmanuel's birthday, even that was very quietly celebrated—just as a family affair.

There is a whole lot of interest in the new Italian Ambassador, by the way. There would be anyhow, and if it really is to be Prince Gaetani, he is a really interesting person who has had a romantically interesting career. I say "if it really is to be," because I haven't been able to get any one at the Italian Embassy to confirm the report. But it has not been denied, as was the first story, that the former Ambassador, Baron Romano Avesano, was coming back. That pleased every one tremendously, for they had been ever so popular here. Baroness Romano was an American—of a St. Louis family, as I remember it—and she was a most delightful person. And, by the way, they were usually called simply the Roma's, the Avesano end of their name being dropped on ordinary occasions. Just as no one ever calls the Belgian Ambassador anything more than "de Cartier," and the Spanish is known simply as "Riano." It is always something of a puzzle when new diplomats come to town with a whole string of names to know which one is preferred for every day use. One frequently has to ask the embassy or legation to which they belong.

At the Italian Embassy they say they have not been informed as to the next Ambassador, but it seems to be generally accepted that Prince Gaetani is to have the post, and he is a prince worth knowing. It will not be his first visit to America, not by a good many, nor by quite a few years. I'm told that while coming from one of the oldest of Roman families—his father of the old "black" aristocracy of Rome that dedicated its lives and its resources to perpetuating the temporal power of the Pope and for years remained unconquered to the present order of things, closed the great iron gates of his palace when the Pope retired to the Vatican and came and went by a small postern or "servant's" exit until the Pope once more ruled in Rome the big gates who

remain closed. It is perhaps not remarkable that the family fortunes were at a low ebb when the present Prince Gaetani was a boy. Political gestures of that sort are not particularly profitable.

So the young Prince came to America to get an education in a land where nobody knew who he was—and nobody cared—where he could work without disgracing his family, if he found it desirable to work. He entered Columbia, and, like many a good American, he "worked his way through." Nobody knew he was a prince if he couldn't afford princely dignity and still nobody was in the least interested.

After he had finished at Columbia he went out West, to Colorado, and worked in the copper mines there as a laborer doing the roughest sort of work. But the sharp eyes of John Hays Hammond discovered him. He watched him and realized that this common laborer was not a common laborer at all. He had never seen one quite so intelligent, and with that look of breed. So he began asking questions and found out who his uncommon common laborer was, and he found some more congenial employment for him. Eventually Gelsino Gaetani opened offices in San Francisco, as a consulting engineer, with a couple of enthusiastic young engineers like himself. He didn't bank too much on the Prince stuff. Perhaps Hammond helped him along a bit—occasionally turned business his way. I wouldn't put it past him. Hammond is a consulting engineer you know, and he has had his ups and downs—a good many downs when he was a youngster.

However, back to Prince Gaetani. He and his partners were very successful. Perhaps good luck, perhaps good management. He had originally had every desirable thing but money—and he made that, with unexpected rapidity—several million dollars of it. Put that into fire, and it's appalling. In a few years Gaetani was a very rich man—rich enough to go home and help all his very big and very poor family.



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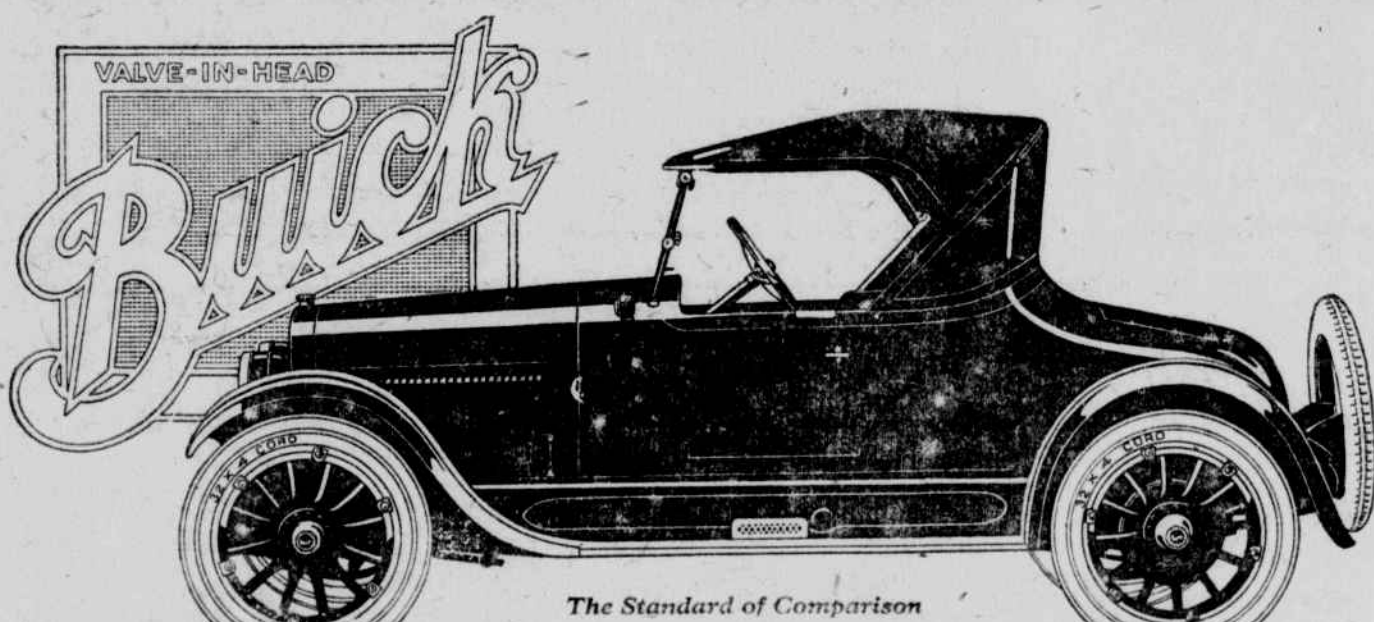
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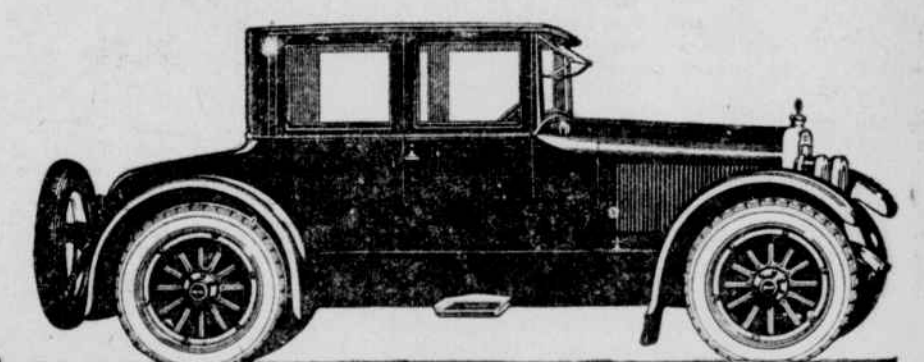
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